REHEARSAL,

As it is now Acted at the

Theatre-Royal.

The Fourth Edition with Amendments and large Additions by the Author.

LONDON,

Printed for *R. Bentley* and *S. Magnes*, in *Ruſſel-ſtreet* in *Covent-Garden*, 1683.

PROLOGUE.

LONDON.

PROLOGUE.

WE might well call this ſhort Mock-play of ours
A Poeſie made of Weeds, inſtead of Flowers?
Yet ſuch have been preſented to your noſes,
And there are ſuch, I fear, who thought 'em Roſes.
Would ſome of 'em were here, to ſee, this night,
What ſtuff it is in which they took delight.
Here, briſk inſipid Rogues, for wit, let fall
Sometimes dull Senſe; but oft'ner none at all:
There, ſtrutting Heroes, with a grim fac'd train,
Shall brave the Gods, in King Cambyſes *vein,*
For (changing Rules, of late, as if men writ
In ſpite of Reaſon, Nature, Art and Wit)
Our Poets make us laugh at Tragedy,
And with their Comedies they make us cry.
Now, Critiques, do your worſt, that here are met;
For, like a Rook, I have hedg'd in my Bet.
If you approve; I ſhall aſſume the ſtate
Of thoſe high-flyers whom I imitate:
And juſtly too, for I will teach you more
Than ever they would let you know before:
I will not only ſhew the feats they do,
But give you all their reaſons for 'em too.
Some honour may to me from hence ariſe.
But if, by my endeavours, you grow wiſe,
And what you once ſo prais'd, ſhall now deſpiſe;
Then I'll cry out, ſwell'd with Poetick rage,
'Tis I, John Lacy, *have reform'd your Stage.*

THE

The Actors Names.

Bayes.
Johnson.
Smith.
Two Kings of *Brentford.*
Prince *Prettyman.*
Prince Volscius.
Gentleman Usher.
Physician.
Drawcansir.
General.
Lieutenant General.
Cordelio.
Tom Thimble.
Fisherman.
Shirley.
Sun.
Thunder.
Players.
Souldiers.
Two Heralds.
Four Cardinals
Mayor.
Judges.
Serjeants at Arms.
} Mutes.

Women.

Amaryllis.
Cloris.
Parthenope.
Pallas.
Lightning.
Moon.
Earth.

Attendants of Men and Women.

Scene *Brentford.*

THE

THE REHEARSAL.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Johnſon *and* Smith.

Johnſ. HOneſt *Frank!* I'm glad to ſee thee with all my heart: how long haſt thou been in Town?

Smi. Faith, not above an Hour: and, if I had not met you here, I had gone to look you out; for I long to talk with you freely, of all the Strange, New things we have heard in the Country.

Johnſ. And, by my troth, I have long'd as much to laugh with you, at all the Impertinent, Dull, Fantaſtical things, we are tir'd out with here.

Smi. Dull, and Fantaſtical! that's an excellent Compoſition. Pray, what are our men of Buſineſs doing?

Johnſ. I ne'er enquire after 'em. Thou knoweſt my humour lyes another way. I love to pleaſe my ſelf as much, and to trouble others as little as I can: and therefore do naturally avoid the company of thoſe ſolemn Fops; who, being incapable of Reaſon, and inſenſible of Wit and Pleaſure, are always looking grave, and troubling one another, in hopes to be thought men of Buſineſs.

Smi. Indeed, I have ever obſerved, that your grave lookers are the Dulleſt of men.

Johns. I, and of Birds, and Beasts too: your graveſt Bird is an Owl, and your graveſt Beaſt is an Aſs.

Smi. Well; but how doſt thou paſs thy time?

Johns. Why, as I uſe to do; eat and drink as well as I can, have a ſhe-friend to be private with in the Afternoon, and ſometimes ſee a Play: where there are ſuch things (*Frank*) ſuch Hideous, Monſtrous things, that it has almoſt made me forſwear the Stage, and reſolve to apply my ſelf to the ſolid Nonſenſe of your Men of Buſineſs, as the more ingenious Paſtime.

Smi. I have heard, indeed, you have had lately many new Plays; and our Country Wits commend 'em.

Johns. I, ſo do ſome of our City-Wits too; but they are of the New kind of Wits.

Smi. New kind! what kind is that?

Johns. Why your Virtuoſi, your Civil Perſons, your Drolls: fellows that ſcorns to imitate Nature; but are given altogether to Elevate and Surpriſe.

Smi. Elevate, and Surpriſe! prythee make me underſtand the meaning of that.

Johns. Nay, by my troth, that's a hard matter: I don't underſtand that my ſelf. 'Tis a phraſe they have got among them, to expreſs their no-meaning by. I'll tell you, as near as I can, what it is. Let me ſee; 'tis Fighting, Loving, Sleeping, Rhyming, Dying, Dancing, Singing, Crying; and every thing, but Thinking and Senſe.

[*Mr.* Bayes *paſſes o're the Stage.*

Bayes. Your moſt obſequious, and moſt obſervant, very ſervant, Sir.

Johns. God ſo, this is an Author: I'll fetch him to you.

Smi. No prythee let him alone.

Johns. Nay, by the Lord I'll have him. [*Goes after him.* Here he is: I have caught him. Pray, Sir, now for my ſake, will you do a favour to this Friend of mine?

Bayes. Sir, it is not within my ſmall capacity to do favours, but receive 'em; eſpecially from a perſon that does wear the honourable Title you are pleas'd to impoſe, Sir, upon this—— Sweet Sir, your ſervant.

Smi. Your humble ſervant, Sir.

Johns.

Johns. But Wilt thou do me a favour, now?

Bayes. I, Sir; what is't?

Johns. Why, to tell him the meaning of thy last Play.

Bayes. How, Sir, the meaning? do you mean the Plot?

Johns. I, I; any thing.

Bayes. Faith, Sir, the Intrigo's now quite out of my head; but I have a new one, in my Pocket, that I may say is a Virgin; 't has never yet been blown upon. I must tell you one thing. 'Tis all new Wit; and tho I say it, a better than my last: and you know well enough how that took. In fine, it shall Read, and Write, and Act, and Plot, and Show, ay, and Pit, Box and Gallery, I Gad, with any Play in *Europe*. This morning is its last Rehearsal, in their Habits, and all that, as it is to be Acted; and if You, and your Friend will do it but the honour to see it in its Virgin attire; though, perhaps, it may blush, I shall not be asham'd to discover its nakedness unto you.——I think it is in this pocket [*Puts his hand in his pocket.*

Johns. Sir, I confess, I am not able to answer you in this new way: but if you please to lead, I shall be glad to follow you; and I hope my friend will do so too.

Smi. Sir, I have no Business so considerable, as should keep me from your company.

Bayes. Yes, here it is. No, cry you mercy: this is my book of *Drama Common Places*? the Mother of many other Plays.

Johns. Drama Common Places! pray what's that?

Bayes. Why, Sir, some certain Helps, that we men of Art have found it convenient to make use of.

Smi. How, Sir, Helps for Wit?

Bayes. I, Sir, that's my Position. And I do here aver, That no man yet the Sun e're shone upon, has Parts sufficient to furnish out a Stage, except it were by the help of these my Rules.

Johns. What are those Rules, I pray?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my first Rule is the Rule of Transversion, or *Regula Duplex*: changing Verse into Prose, or Prose into verse, *alternative* as you please.

Smi. Well; but how is this done by a Rule, Sir?

Bayes. Why, thus, Sir; nothing so easie when under-

stood? I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere, for that's all one; if there be any Wit in't, as there is no book but has some, I Transverse it; that is, if it be Prose put it into Verse, (but that takes up some time) and if it be Verse put it into Prose.

Johns. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, that putting Verse into Prose should be call'd Transprosing.

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, 'tis a very good Notion, and hereafter it shall be so.

Smi. Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

Bayes. Make it my own. 'Tis so chang'd, that no man can know it. My next Rule is the Rule of Record, by way of Table Book. Pray observe.

Johns. We hear you, Sir: go on.

Bayes. As thus. I come into a Coffee-house, or some other place where witty men resort: I make as if I minded nothing; (do you mark?) but as soon as any one speaks, pop I slap it down, and make that too, my own.

Johns. But, Mr. *Bayes*, Are you not sometimes in danger of their making you restore, by Force, what you have gotten thus by Art?

Bayes. No Sir; the Worlds unmindful: they never take notice of these things.

Smi. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, among all your other Rules, have you no one Rule for Invention?

Bayes. Yes, Sir; that's my third Rule that I have here in my pocket.

Smi. What Rule can that be, I wonder?

Bayes. Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do; but presently turn over this Book, and there I have, at one view, all that *Persius*, *Montaigne*, *Seneca's Tragedies*, *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Claudian*, *Pliny*, *Plutarch's Lives*, and the rest, have ever thought upon this subject: and so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or puting in others of my own, the business is done.

Johns. Indeed, Mr. *Bayes*, this is as sure, and compendious a way of Wit, as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Sirs, if you make the least scruple of the efficacy of these my Rules, do but come to the Play-house, and you shall

shall judge of 'em by the Effects.

Smi. We'll follow you, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter three Players upon the Stage.

1 *Play.* Have you your Part perfect?

2 *Play.* Yes, I have it without book; but I don't understand how it is to be spoken.

3 *Play.* And mine is such a one, as I can't guess for my life what Humour I'm to be in: whether Angry, Melancholy, Merry, or in Love. I don't know what to make on't.

1 *Play.* Phoo! the Author will be here presently, and he'll tell us all. You must know, this is the New way of writing; and these hard things please forty times better than the Old, Plain way. For, look you, Sir, the grand design upon the Stage is to keep the Auditors in suspence; for to guess presently at the Plot, and the Sense, tires 'em before the end of the first Act: now, here, every Line surprises you, and brings in new matter. And, then, for Scenes, Cloaths, and Dances, we put 'em quite down, all that ever went before us: and those are the things, you know, that are Essential to a Play.

2 *Play.* Well, I am not of thy mind; but, so it gets us Money, 'tis no great matter.

Enter Bayes, Johnson *and* Smith.

Bayes. Come, come in Gentlemen. Y'are very welcome, Mr.——a——Ha' you your part ready?

1. *Play.* Yes, Sir.

Bayes. But do you understand the true Humour of it?

1 *Play.* I, Sir, pretty well.

Bayes. And *Amaryllis*, how does she do? Does not her Armor become her?

3 *Play.* O, admirably!

Bayes. I'l tell you, now, a pretty conceipt. What do you think I'll make 'em call her anon, in this Play?

Smi. What, I pray?

Bayes. Why, I make 'em call her *Armaryllis*, because of her Armor: ha, ha, ha.

Johns. That will be very well, indeed.

Bayes. Ay, it's a pretty little Rogue; I knew her Face would set off Armor extreamly: and, to tell you true, I writ that Part only for her. You must know she is my Mistress.

Johns.

Johns. Then, I know another thing, little *Bayes*, that thou hast had her, I Gad.

Bayes. No, I Gad, not yet; but I'm sure I shall: for I have talk'd Baudy to her already.

Johns. Hast thou, faith? Prythee how was that?

Bayes. Why, Sir, there is, in the *French* Tongue, a certain Criticism, which, by the variation of the Masculine Adjective instead of the Feminine, makes a quite different signification of the word: as, for example, *Ma vie* is my life; but if, before *vie* you put *Mon* instead of *Ma*, you make it Baudy.

Johns. Very true.

Bayes. Now, Sir, I having observ'd this, set a Trap for her, the other day in the Tyring-Room; for this said I, *Adieu bel Esperance de ma vie*; (which I Gad is very pretty) to which she answer'd, I vow, almost as prettily, every jot; for said she, *Songes a ma vie Monsieur*; whereupon I presently snapt this upon her; *Non, non, Madam—Songes vous a mon*, by Gad, and nam'd the thing directly to her.

Smi. This is one of the richest Stories, Mr. *Bayes*, that ever I heard of.

Bayes. I, let me alone, I Gad, when I get to 'em; I'll nick 'em I warrant you: But I'm a little nice; for you must know, at this time, I am kept by another Woman, in the City.

Smi. How, kept! for what?

Bayes. Why, for a *Beau Gerson*; I am, ifackins.

Smi. Nay, then we shall never have done.

Bayes. And the Rogue is so fond of me, Mr. *Johnson*, that I vow to Gad, I know not what to do with my self.

Johns. Do with thy self! no; I wonder how thou canst make a shift to hold out, at this rate.

Bayes. O' Devil, I can toil like a Horse; only, sometimes, it makes me Melancholy: and then I vow to Gad, for a whole day together, I am not able to say you one good thing if it were to save my life.

Smi. That we do verily believe, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. And that's the only thing, I Gad, which mads me, in my Amours, for I'll tell you, as a friend, Mr. *Johnson*, my acquaintances, I hear, begin to give it out that I am dull: now I am the farthest from it in the whole World, I Gad; but only forsooth, they think I am so, because I can say nothing.

Johns.

Johns. Phoo, Pox. That's ill natur'dly done of 'em.

Bayes. Ay Gad, there's no truſting o'theſe Rogues; but——a——Come, let's ſit down. Look you, Sirs, the chief Hinge of this Play, upon which the whole Plot moves and turns, and that cauſes the variety of all the ſeveral Accidents, which, you know, are the things in Nature that make up the grand refinement of a Play, is, that I ſuppoſe Two Kings to be of the ſame place: as for example, at *Brentford*; for I love to write familiarly. Now the People having the ſame Relations to 'em both, the ſame Affections, the ſame Duty, the ſame Obedience, and all that; are divided among themſelves in point of Devoir and Intereſt, how to behave themſelves equally between 'em: theſe Kings differing ſometimes in Particular; though, in the main, they agree. (I know not whether I make my ſelf well underſtood.)

Johns. I did not obſerve you, Sir: pray ſay that again.

Bayes. Why, look you, Sir, (nay, I beſeech you, be a little curious in taking notice of this, or elſe you'l never underſtand my Notion of the Thing) the People being embarraſt by their equal Tyes to both, and the Soveraigns concern'd in a reciprocal regard, as well to their own Intereſt, as the good of the People; may make a certain kind of a——you underſtand me——upon which, there does ariſe ſeveral Diſputes, Turmoils, Heart-burnings, and all that—In fine, you'l apprehend it better when you ſee it.

[*Exit, to call the Players.*

Smi. I find the Author will be very much oblig'd to the Players, if they can make any Senſe out of this.

Enter Bayes.

Bayes. Now, Gentlemen, I would fain ask your opinion of one thing. I have made a Prologue and an Epilogue, which may both ſerve for either: [that is, the Prologue for the Epilogue, or the Epilogue for the Prologue]: (do you mark?) nay, they may both ſerve too, I Gad, for any other Play as well as this.

Smi. Very well, That's indeed, Artificial.

Bayes. And I would fain ask your Judgements, now, which of them would do beſt for the Prologue? For, you muſt know there is, in Nature, but Two ways of making very good Prologues. The one is by Civility, by Inſinuation, good Language, and all that, to——a——in a manner, ſteal your plaudit

dit from the courteſie of the Auditors: the other, by making uſe of ſome certain Perſonal things, which may keep a hank upon ſuch Cenſuring perſons, as cannot otherways, A Gad, in Nature, be hindred from being too free with their Tongues. To which end, my firſt Prologue is, that I come out in a long black Veil, and a great Huge Hang-man behind me, with a Furr'd-cap, and his Sword drawn; and there tell 'm plainly, That if, out of good nature, they will not like my Play, I Gad, I'll e'en kneel down, and he ſhall cut my Head off. Whereupon they all clapping ——a——

Smi. I, But ſuppoſe they don't.

Bayes. Suppoſe! Sir, you may Suppoſe what you pleaſe, I have nothing to do with your Suppoſe, Sir; nor am not at all mortifi'd at it; not at all, Sir; I Gad, not one jot, Sir. Suppoſe quoth a!——ha, ha, ha. [*Walks away.*

Johnſ. Phoo! prythee *Bayes*, don't mind what he ſayes: he is a fellow newly come out of the Country, he knows nothing of what's the reliſh, here, of the Town.

Bayes. If I writ, Sir, to pleaſe the Country, I ſhould have follow'd the Old, Plain way; but I write for ſome perſons of Quality, and peculiar Friends of mine, that underſtand what Flame and Power in writing is: and they do me the right, Sir, to approve of what I do.

Johnſ. I, I, they will clap I warrant you; never fear it.

Bayes. I'm ſure the Deſign's good: that cannot be deny'd. And then, for Language, I Gad, I defie 'em all, in Nature, to mend it. Beſides, Sir, I have printed above a hundred ſheets of Paper, to inſinuate the Plot into the Boxes: and, withal, have appointed two or three dozen of my Friends, to be ready in the Pit, who, I'm ſure, will clap, and ſo the reſt, you know, muſt follow; and then, pray, Sir, what becomes of your Suppoſe? ha, ha, ha.

Johnſ. Nay, if the Buſineſs be ſo well laid, it cannot miſs.

Bayes. I think ſo, Sir: and therefore would chuſe this to be the Prologue. For if I could engage 'em to clap, before they ſee the Play, you know 'twould be ſo much the better; becauſe then they were engag'd: for let a man write never ſo well, there are, now-a-days, a ſort of Perſons, they call Critiques, that, I Gad, have no more wit in them than ſo many Hobby-

Hobby-horses; but they'l Laugh you, Sir, and find Fault, and censure things, that, I Gad, I'm sure, they are not able to do themselves. A sort of envious persons, that emulate the Glories of persons of parts, and think to build their fame, by calumniating of persons, that, I Gad, to my knowledge, of all persons in the World are, in Nature, the persons that do as much despise all that is——a——In fine, I'll say no more of 'em.

Johns. Nay, you have said enough of 'em, in all Conscience: I'm sure, more than they'l e're be able to answer.

Bayes. Why I'll tell you, Sir, sincerely, and *bona fide*; were it not for the sake of some ingenious persons, and choice Female Spirits, that have a value for me, I would see 'em all hang'd, I Gad, before I would e're more set Pen to Paper; but let 'em live in ignorance like Ingrates.

Johns. I marry! that were a way to be reveng'd of 'em indeed: and if I were in your place, now, I would do so.

Bayes. No, Sir; there are certain Tyes upon me, that I cannot be disingag'd from; otherwise, I would. But pray, Sir, how do you like my Hangman?

Smi. By my troth, Sir; I should like him very well.

Bayes. But how do You like it Sir? (for, I see, You can Judge) Would you have it for the Prologue, or the Epilogue?

Johns. Faith, Sir, 'tis so good, let it e'en serve for both.

Bayes. No, no; that wont do. Besides I have made another.

Johns. What other, Sir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my other is *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

Johns. That's Greater: I'd rather stick to that.

Bayes. Do you think so? I'll tell you then; tho there have been many witty Prologues written of late, yet I think, you'l say this is a *non plus ultra*: I'm sure no body has hit upon it yet. For here, Sir, I make my Prologue to be Dialogue: and as, in my first, you see I strive to oblige the Auditors by Civility; by good Nature, good Language, and all that; so, in this, by the other way, *in Terrorem*, I chuse for the persons *Thunder* and *Lightning*. Do you apprehend the conceipt?

Johns. Phoo, Pox! then you have it Cock-sure. They'l be hang'd before they'l dare to affront an Author, that has 'em at that Lock.

Bayes. I have made, too, one of the most delicate, dainty *Simile's* in the whole World, I Gad, if I knew but how to apply it.

Smi. Lets hear it, I pray you.

Bayes. 'Tis an allusion to Love.

So Boar and Sow, when any storm is nigh,
Snuff up, and Smell it gathering in the Sky;
Boar beckons Sow to trot in Chestnut Groves,
And there consummate their unfinish'd Loves:
Pensive in Mud they wallow all alone,
And Snore, and Gruntle to each others moan.

How do you like it now, ha?

Johns. Faith, 'tis extraordinary fine: and very applicable to *Thunder* and *Lightning*, methinks, because it speaks of a storm.

Bayes. I Gad, and so it does, now I think on't: Mr. *Johnson*, I thank you; and I'l put it in, *profecto*. Come out, *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

Enter Thunder *and* Lightning.

Thun. I am the bold *Thunder*.

Bayes. Mr. *Cartwright*, prythee speak that a little louder, and with a hoarse Voice. I am the bold *Thunder*! Pshaw! speak it me in a Voice that Thunders it out indeed: I am the bold *Thunder*.

Thun. I am the bold *Thunder*.

Light. The brisk *Lightning*, I.

Bayes. Nay, you must be quick and nimble,
The brisk *Lightning*, I. That's my meaning.

Thun. I am the bravest *Hector* of the Sky.

Light. And I fair *Helen*, that made *Hector* die.

Thun. I strike men down.

Light. I fire the Town.

Thun. Let the Critiques take heed how they Grumble,
For then begin I for to Rumble.

Light. Let the Ladies allow us their Graces,
Or I'l blast all the Paint on their Faces,
And dry up their Peter to Soot.

Thun. Let the Critiques look to't.

Light.

Light. Let the Ladies look to't.

Thun. For *Thunder* will do't.

Light. For *Lightning* will shoot.

Thun. I'l give you Dash for Dash.

Light. I'l give you Flash for Flash.

Gallants I'l singe your Feather.

Thun. I'l *Thunder* you together.

Both. Look to't, look to't; we'l do't, we'l do't: look to't, we'l do't. [*Twice or thrice repeated.*

[*Exeunt Ambo.*

Bayes. There's no more. 'Tis but a Flash of a Prologue: a Droll.

Smi. Yes, 'Tis short indeed; but very Terrible.

Bayes. Ay, when the *Similes* in, it will do to a Miracle, I Gad, Come, come begin the Play.

Enter first Player.

1. *Play.* Sir, Mr. *Ivory* is not come yet; but he'll be here presently, he's but two doors off.

Bayes. Come then, Gentlemen, let's go out and take a Pipe of Tobacco. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Primi.

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Bayes, Johnson, *and* Smith.

Bayes. NOw, Sir, because I'll do nothing here that ever was done before, instead of beginning with a Scene that discovers something of the Plot, I begin this Play with a Whisper.

Smi. Umph! very new, indeed.

Bayes. Come, take your Seats. Begin, Sirs.

Enter Gentleman-Usher and Physician.

Phys. Sir, by your Habit, I should guess you to be the Gentleman-Usher of this sumptuous place.

Vsh. And by your Gait and Fashion, I should almost suspect you rule the Healths of both our noble Kings, under the Notion of Physician.

Phys. You hit my Function right.

Vsh. And you, mine.

Phys. Then let's embrace.

Vsh. Come.

Phys. Come.

Johns. Pray, Sir, who are those so very civil persons?

Bayes. Why, Sir, the Gentleman-Usher, and Physician of the two Kings of *Brentford*.

Johns. But, pray then, how comes it to pass, that they know one another no better?

Bayes. Phoo! that's for the better carrying on of the Plot?

Johns. Very well.

Phys. Sir, to conclude.

Smi. What, before he begins?

Bayes. No, Sir; you must know, they had been talking of this a pretty while without.

Smi. Where? in the Tyring-room?

Bayes. Why ay, Sir. He's so dull! Come, speak again.

Phys. Sir, to conclude, the place you fill, has more than amply exacted the Talents of a wary Pilot, and all these threatning Storms, which, like impregnate Clouds, hover o'er our heads, will (when they once are grasp'd but by the Eye of Reason) melt into fruitful Showers of Blessings on the People.

Bayes. Pray mark that Allegory. Is not that good?

Johns. Yes; that grasping of a Storm, with the Eye, is admirable.

Phys. But yet some Rumours great are stirring; and if *Lorenzo* should prove false, (which none but the great Gods can tell) you then perhaps would find that—— [*Whispers.*

Bayes. Now he whispers.

Vsh. Alone do you say?

Phys. No; attended with the Noble—— [*Whispers.*

Bayes. Again.

Vsh. Who, he in gray?

Phys. Yes; and at the Head of—— [*Whispers.*

Bayes. Pray mark.

Uſh. Then, Sir, moſt certain, 'twill in time appear,
These are the Reaſons that have mov'd him to't;
First, He——— [*Whiſpers.*

Bayes. Now the other whiſpers.

Uſh. Secondly, They——— [*Whiſpers.*

Bayes. At it ſtill.

Uſh. Thirdly, and laſtly, both He, and They— [*Whiſpers.*

Bayes. Now they both whiſper. [*Exeunt Whiſpering.*
Now, Gentlemen, pray tell me true, and without Flattery, is not this a very odd beginning of a Play?

Johnſ. In troth, I think it is, Sir. But why two Kings of the ſame place?

Bayes. Why; becauſe it's New; and that's it I aim at. I deſpiſe your *Johnſon*, and *Beaumont*, that borrow'd all they writ from Nature: I am for fetching it purely out of my own Fancy, I.

Smi. But what think you, Sir, of Sir *John Suckling*?

Bayes. By Gad, I am a better Poet than he.

Smi. Well, Sir, but pray why all this whiſpering?

Bayes. Why, Sir, (beſides that it is New, as I told you before) becauſe they are ſuppos'd to be Politicians; and matters of State ought not to be divulg'd.

Smi. But then, Sir, why——

Bayes. Sir, if you'l but reſpite your curioſity till the end of the Fifth Act, you'l find it a piece of Patience not ill recompenc'd. [*Goes to the door.*

Johnſ. How doſt thou like this, *Frank*? Is it not juſt as I told thee?

Smi. Why, I did never, before this, ſee any thing in Nature, and all that, (as Mr. *Bayes* ſays) ſo Fooliſh, but I could give ſome gueſs at what mov'd the Fop to do it; but this, I confeſs, does go beyond my reach.

Johnſ. It is all a like: Mr. *Winterſhul* has inform'd me of this Play already. And I'll tell thee, *Frank*, thou ſhalt not ſee one Scene here worth one Farthing, or like any thing thou canſt imagine has ever been the practice of the World. And then, when he comes to what he calls good Language, it is, as I told thee, very Fantaſtical, moſt abominably Dull, and not one word to the purpoſe.

Smi.

Smi. It does surprise me, I'm sure, very much.

Johns. I, but it wont do so long: by that time thou hast seen a Play or two, that I'll shew thee, thou wilt be pretty well acquainted with this new kind of Foppery.

Smi. Pox on't, but there's no Pleasure in him: he's too gross a Fool to be Laugh'd at.

Enter Bayes.

Johns. I'll swear, Mr. *Bayes* you have done this Scene most admirably: tho, I must tell you, Sir; it is a very difficult matter to pen a Whisper well.

Bayes. I, Gentlemen when you come to write your selves, O' my word, you'l find it so.

Johns. Have a care of what you say, Mr. *Bayes*; for Mr. *Smith* there, I assure you, has Written a great many fine things already.

Bayes. Has he, ifackins? Why then Pray, Sir, how do you do when you write?

Smi. Faith, Sir, for the most part, I am in pretty good Health.

Bayes. I but I mean, what do you do, when you write?

Smi. I take Pen, Ink, and Paper, and Sit down.

Bayes. Now, I write Standing; that's one thing: and then, another thing is, with what do you prepare your self?

Smi. Prepare my self! what, the Devil, does the Fool mean?

Bayes. Why, I'l tell you, now, what I do. If I am to write familiar things, as Sonnets to *Armida*, and the like, I make use of Stew'd Prunes only; but, when I have a grand design in hand, I ever take Physick, and let blood: for when you would have pure swiftness of Thought, and Fiery flights of Fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part. In fine, you must purge the Belly.

Smi. By my troth, Sir, this is a most admirable Receipt for writing.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis my Secret; and, in good earnest, I think, one of the best I have.

Smi. In good faith, Sir, and that may very well be.

Bayes. May be, Sir? I Gad, I'm sure on't: *Experto crede Roberto*. But I must give you this caution by the way, be sure you never take Snuff, when you write.

Smi. Why, so Sir?

Bayes

Bayes. Why, it spoil'd me once, I Gad, one of the Sparkishest Playes in all *England*. But a Friend of mine, at *Gresham Colledge*, has promis'd to help me to some Spirit of Brains, and, I Gad, that shall do my business.

SCENA II.

Enter the Two Kings, hand in hand.

Bayes. OH, These now are the two Kings of *Brentford*; take notice of their Stile: 'twas never yet upon the Stage; but, if you like it, I could make a shift, perhaps, to shew you a whole Play, writ all just so.

1. *King.* Did you observe their whisper, Brother King?

2. *King.* I did; and heard, besides, a grave Bird sing,
That they intend, Sweet-heart, to play us Pranks.

Bayes. This is now, familiar, because they are both Persons of the same Quality.

Smi. 'Sdeath, this would make a man spew.

1. *King.* If that design appears,
I'l lug 'em by the Ears
Until I make 'em crack.

2. *King.* And so will I, I'fack.

1. *King.* You must begin, *Mon foy.*

2. *King.* Sweet, Sir, *Pardonnes moy.*

Bayes. Mark that: I make 'em both speak *French*, to shew their Breeding.

Johns. O, 'tis extraordinary fine!

2. *King.* Then spite of Fate, we'l thus combined stand?
And, like true Brothers, walk still hand in hand.

[*Exeunt Reges.*

Johns. This is a very Majestic Scene indeed.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis a Crust, a lasting Crust for your Rogue Critiques, I Gad: I would fain see the proudest of 'em all, but dare to nibble at this; I Gad, if they do, this shall rub their Gums for 'em, I promise you. It was I, you must know, that have

have written a whole Play just in this very same Stile, but 'twas never Acted yet.

Johns. How so?

Bayes. I Gad, I can hardly tell you, for laughing; (ha, ha, ha) it is so pleasant a story: ha, ha, ha.

Smi. What is't?

Bayes. I Gad, the Players refus'd to Act it, Ha, ha, ha.

Smi. That's impossible.

Bayes. I Gad they did it, Sir, point blank refus'd it, I Gad, Ha, ha, ha.

Johns. Fie, that was rude.

Bayes. Rude! Ay, I Gad, they are the Rudest, Uncivilest persons, and all that, in the whole World, I Gad: I Gad, there's no living with 'em. I have written, Mr. *Johnson*, I do verily believe, a whole Cart load of things, every whit as good as this; and yet, I vow to Gad, these insolent Raskals have turned 'em all back upon my hands again.

Johns. Strange Fellows indeed!

Smi. But, pray, Mr. *Bayes*, how came these two Kings to know of this Whisper; for, as I remember, they were not present at it.

Bayes. No, but that's the Actors fault, and not mine; for the two Kings should (a pox take 'em) have pop'd both their heads in at the door, just as the other went off.

Smi. That indeed would ha' done it.

Bayes. Done it! Ay, I Gad, these Fellows are able to spoil the best things in Christendome. I'll tell you, Mr. *Johnson*, I vow to Gad I have been so highly disoblig'd by the peremptorines of these Fellows, that I'm resolv'd hereafter, to bend my thoughts wholly for the service of the *Nursery*, and mump your proud Players, I Gad. So; now Prince Prettyman comes in, and falls asleep, making Love to his Mistress, which, you know, was a grand Intrigue in a late Play, written by a very honest Gentleman: a Knight.

SCENA.

SCENA III.

Enter Prince Prettyman.

Pret. HOw ſtrange a captive am I grown of late!
Shall I accuſe my Love, or blame my Fate?
My Love, I cannot; that is too Divine:
And, againſt Fate what Mortal dares repine?
Enter Cloris.
But here ſhe comes.
Sure 'tis ſome blazing Comet, is it not? [*Lyes down.*

Bayes. Blazing Comet! mark that; I Gad, very fine!

Pret. But I am ſo ſurpris'd with ſleep, I cannot ſpeak the reſt. [*Sleeps.*

Bayes. Does not that, now, ſurpriſe you, to fall aſleep in the nick? His Spirits exhale with the heat of his Paſſion, and all that, and ſwop falls aſleep, as you ſee. Now here ſhe muſt make a *Simile.*

Smi. Where's the neceſſity of that Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. Becauſe ſhe's ſurpris'd. That's a general Rule, you muſt ever make a *Simile*, when you are ſurpris'd; 'tis the New way of Writing.

Cloris. As ſome tall Pine, which we, on *Ætna*, find
T' have ſtood the rage of many a boiſt'rous wind,
Feeling without, that flames within do play,
Which would conſume his Root and Sap away;
He ſpreads his woorſted Arms unto the Skies,
Silently grieves, all pale, repines and dies:
So, ſhrowded up, your bright Eye diſappears.
Break forth, bright ſcorching Sun, and dry my tears.
[*Exit.*

Johnſ. Mr. *Bayes*, Methinks, this *Simile* wants a little application too.

Bayes, No, faith; for it alludes to Paſſion, to Conſuming, to Dying, and all that; which, you know, are the Natural Effects of an Amour. But I'm afraid, this Scene has made you ſad; for I muſt confeſs, when I writ it, I wept my ſelf.

Smi. No, truly, Sir, my Spirits are almost exhal'd to, and I am likelier to fall a sleep.

Prince Prettyman *starts up and sayes*——

Pret. It is resolv'd. [*Exit.*

Bayes. That's all.

Smi. Mr. *Bayes*, may one be so bold as to ask you a question, now, and you not be angry?

Bayes. O Lord, Sir, you may ask me any thing what you please; I vow to Gad, you do me a great deal of honour: you do not know me, if you say that, Sir.

Smi. Then, pray, Sir, what is it that this Prince here has resolv'd in his sleep.

Bayes. Why, I must confess, that question is well enongh ask'd, for one that is not acquainted with this New way of Writing. But you must know, Sir, that, to out-do all my fellow-Writers, whereas they keep their *Intrigo* secret, till the very last Scene before the Dance; I now, Sir, (do you mark me.)—a——

Smi. Begin the Play, and end it, without ever-opening the Plot at all?

Bayes. I do so, that's the very plain troth on't; ha, ha, ha; I do, I Gad. If they cannot find it out themselves, e'en let 'em alone for *Bayes*, I warrant you. But here, now, is a Scene of Business: pray observe it; for I dare say you'l think it no unwise discourse this, nor ill argu'd. To tell you true, 'tis a Discourse I over-heard once betwixt two Grand, Sober, Governing persons.

SCENA IV.

Enter Gentleman Usher and Physician.

Ush. COme, Sir; let's state the matter of Fact, and lay our Heads together.

Phys. Right: lay our Heads together. I love to be merry sometimes; but when a knotty point comes, I lay my head close to it, with a Snuff-box in my hand, and then I segue it away, i'faith.

Bayes. I do just so, I Gad, alwayes.

Ush. The grand question is, whether they heard us Whisper? which I divide thus. *Phys.*

Phys. Yes, it must be divided so indeed.

Smi. That's very Complaisant, I swear, Mr. *Bayes*, to be of another man's opinion, before he knows what it is.

Bayes. Nay, I bring in none, here, but Wellbred persons, I assure you.

Ush. I divided the question into, When they heard, What they heard, and whether they Heard or no.

Johns. Most admirably divided, I swear!

Ush. As to the When; you say, just now: So that is answer'd. Then, as for What; why, what answers it self: for what could they hear, but what we talk'd of? So that, naturally, and of necessity, we come to the last question, *Videlicet*, whether they heard or no.

Smi. This is a very wise Scene, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. Ay, you have it right: they are both Politicians.

Ush. Pray then, to proceed in method, let me ask you that question.

Phys. No, you'l answer better, pray let me ask it you.

Ush. Your Will must be a Law.

Phys. Come then, what is it I must ask?

Smi. This Politician, I perceive, Mr. *Bayes*, has somewhat a short Memory.

Bayes. Why, Sir, you must know, that t'other is the main Politician, and this is but his Pupil.

Ush. You must ask me, Whether they heard us whisper.

Phys. Well, I do so.

Ush. Say it then.

Smi. Hey day! here's the bravest work that ever I saw.

Johns. This is mighty methodical!

Bayes. Ay, Sir; that's the way: 'tis the way of Art; there is no other way, I Gad, in Business.

Phys. Did they hear us whisper?

Ush. Why, truly, I can't tell; there's much to be said upon the word Whisper: to whisper, in Latin is *Susurrare*, which is as much as to say, to speak softly; now, if they heard us speak softly, they heard us whisper: but then comes in the *Quomodo*, the how; how did they hear us whisper? Why, as that, to there are two wayes: the one, by Chance, or Accident the other, on Purpose; that is with Design to hear us Whisper.

Phys. Nay, if they heard us that Way, I'll never give 'em Physick more.

Ush. Nor I e'er more will walk abroad before 'em.

Bayes. Pray mark this; for a great deal depends upon it, towards the latter end of the Play.

Smi. I suppose, that's the Reason why you brought in this Scene, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. Partly, it was, Sir; but, I confess, I was not unwilling, besides, to shew the world a pattern, here, how men should talk of Business.

Johns. You have done it exceeding well indeed.

Bayes. Yes; I think, this will do.

Phys. Well, if they heard us Whisper, they'l turn us out, and nobody else will take us,

Smi. Not for Politicians, I dare answer for it.

Phys. Let's then no more our selves in vain bemoan:
We are not Safe until we them Unthrone.

Ush. 'Tis right:
And since occasion now seems debonair,
I'l seize on this, and you shall take that Chair.

They draw their Swords, and sit down in the two great Chairs upon the Stage.

Bayes. There's now an odd surprize; the whole State's turn'd quite topsie-turvy, without any puther or stir in the whole World, I Gad.

Johns. A very silent change of a Government, truly, as ever I heard of.

Bayes. It is so. And yet you shall see me bring 'em in again by and by, in as odd a way every jot.

The Usurpers march out flourishing their Swords.

Enter Shirly.

Shir. Hey ho, hey ho: what a change is here! Hey day, hey day! I know not what to do, nor what to say. [*Exit.*

Johns. Mr. *Bayes*, in my opinion, now, that Gentleman might have said a little more, upon this occasion.

Bayes. No, Sir, not at all; for I under-writ his Part, on purpose to set off the rest.

Johns. Cry you mercy, Sir.

Smi. But, pray, Sir, how came they to Depose the Kings so easily?

Bayes. Why, Sir, you must know, they long had a design

sign to do it before; but never could put it in practice till now: and, to tell you true, that's one Reason why I made 'em, whisper so at first.

Smi. O very well: now I'm fully satisfi'd.

Bayes. And then to shew you, Sir, it was not done so very easily neither; in this next Scene you shall see some fighting.

Smi. O, ho: so then you make the Struggle to be, after the Business is done?

Bayes. Aye.

Smi. O, I conceive you; that, I swear, is very natural.

SCENA V.

Enter four men at one door, and four at another, with their Swords drawn.

1 *Soldier.* STand. Who goes there?

2 *Sol.* A Friend.

1 *Sol.* What Friend?

2 *Sol.* A Friend to the House.

2 *Sol.* Fall on. [*They all kill one another. Musick strikes.*

Bayes. Hold, hold. [*To the Musick. It ceaseth.*] Now here's an odd surprize: all these dead men you shall see rise up presently, at a certain Note that I have made, in *Effaut flat*, and fall a Dancing. Do you hear, dead men? remember your note in *Effaut flat*. Play on. [*To the Musick.*

Now, now, now, O Lord, O Lord! [*The Musick play his Note, and the dead men rise; but cannot get in order.*

Out, out, out! Did ever men spoil a good thing so! no Figure, no Ear, no Time, no Thing? Udzookers, you dance worse than the Angels in *Harry* the Eight, or the fat Spirits in *The Tempest*, I Gad.

1. *Sol.* Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to do any thing in time, to this Tune.

Bayes. O Lord, O Lord! impossible? why Gentlemen, if there be any Faith in a person that's a Christian, I have up two whole nights in composing this Air, and apting it for the business: for, if you observe, there are two several Designs in this Tune; it begins swift, and ends slow. You talk of time, and

and time; you shall see me do't. Look you now. Here I am dead. [*Lies down flat upon his face.*

Now mark my Note *Effaut flat.* Strike up Musick. Now. [*As he rises up hastily, he falls down again.*

Ah, Gadsookers, I have broke my Nose.

Johns. By my troth, Mr. *Bayes*, this is a very unfortunate Note of yours, in *Effaut*.

Bayes. A Plague of this damn'd Stage, with yours Nails, and your Tenter-hooks, that a Gentleman cannot come to teach you to Act, but he must break his Nose, and his Face, and the Devil and all. Pray, Sir, can you help me to a wet piece of brown paper?

Smi. No indeed, Sir; I don't usually carry any about me.

2 *Sol.* Sir, I'll go get you some within presently.

Bayes. Go, go then; I follow you. Pray dance out the Dance and I'll be with you in a moment. Remember you dance like Horsmen. [*Exit* Bayes.

Smi. Like Horsemen! what, a Plague, can that be?

They dance the Dance, but can make nothing of it.

1 *Sol.* A Devil! let's try this no longer play my Dance that Mr. *Bayes* found fault with so. [*Dance & exeunt.*

Smi. What can this Fool be doing all this while about his Nose?

Johns. Pr'ythee let's go see. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACTUS III. SCENA I

Bayes *with a Paper on his Nose, and the two Gentlemen.*

Bayes. NOw, Sirs, this I do, because my Fancy, in this Play, is to end every Act with a Dance.

Smi. Faith, that Fancy is very good, but I should hardly have broke my Nose for it, tho.

Johns.

Johns. That Fancy, I suppose, is new too.

Bayes. Sir, all my Fancies are so, I tread upon no mans heels: but make my flight upon my own wings, I assure you. Now, here comes in a Scene of sheer Wit, without any mixture in the whole World, I Gad, between Prince *Prettyman* and his Taylor: it might properly enough be call'd a Prize of Wit; for you shall see 'em come in upon one another Snip snap, Hit for hit, as fast as can be. First one speaks, then presently t'others upon him, Slap, with a Repartee; then he at him again, Dash with a new Conceipt: and so eternally, eternally, I Gad, till they go quite off the Stage.

[*Goes to call the Players.*

Smi. What a Plague, does this Fop mean by by his Snip snap, Hit for hit, and Dash?

Johns. Mean! why, he never meant any thing in's life: what dost talk of meaning for?

Enter Bayes.

Bayes. Why don't you come in?

Enter Prince Prettyman *and* Tom Thimble.

This Scene will make you dye with laughing, if it be well Acted; for 'tis as full of Drollory as ever it can hold: 'tis like an Orange stuff'd with Cloves, as for conceit.

Pret. But pr'ythee, *Tom Thimble*, why wilt thou needs Marry? If nine Taylors make but one Man; and one Woman cannot be satisfied with nine men: what work art thou cutting out here for thy self, trow?

Bayes. Good!

Thim. Why, an't please your Highness, if I can't make up all the work I cut out, I shan't want Journey-men enough to help me, I warrant you.

Bayes. Good again!

Pret. I am afraid thy Journey-men, tho, *Tom*, wont work by the Day, but by the Night.

Bayes. Good still!

Thim. However if my wife sits but cross-leg'd, as I do, there will be no great danger: not half so much as when I trusted you, Sir, for your Coronation Sute.

Bayes Very good, i'faith!

Pret. Why, the Times then liv'd upon trust; it was the Fashion.

Fashion. You would not be out of Time, at such a time as that, sure: a Taylor, you know, must never be out of fashion.

Bayes. Right.

Thim. I'm sure, Sir, I made your Cloaths in the Court fashion, for you never paid me yet.

Bayes. There's a bob for the Court!

Pret. Why, *Tom*, thou art a sharp Rogue when thou art angry, I see: thou paysst me now, methinks.

Bayes. There's pay, upon pay! as good as ever was written, I Gad!

Thim. I, Sir, in your own Coyn: you give me nothing but words.

Bayes. Admirable, before Gad!

Pret. Well, *Tom*, I hope shortly I shall have another Coyn for thee; for now the Wars are coming on, I shall grow to be a man of Metal.

Bayes. O, you did not do that half enough.

Johns. Methinks he does it admirably.

Bayes. I pretty well; but he does not hit me in't: he does not top his Part.

Thim. That's the way to be stamp'd your self, Sir. I shall see you come home, like an Angel for the Kings-Evil, with a hole bor'd through you. [*Exeunt.*

Bayes. Ha, there he has hit it up to the hilts, I Gad! How do you like it now, Gentlemen? Is not this pure Wit?

Smi. 'Tis Snip Snap, Sir, as you say; but, methinks, not Pleasant, nor to the Purpose, for the Play does not go on.

Bayes. Play does not go on? I don't know what you mean: why, is not this part of the Play?

Smi. Yes, but the Plot stands still.

Bayes. Plot stand still! why, what a Devil is the Plot good for, but to bring in fine things?

Smi. O, I did not know that before.

Bayes. No, I think you did not: nor many things more, that I am Master of. Now, Sir, I Gad, this is the bane of all us Writers: let us soar but never so little above the Common pitch, I Gad, all's spoil'd; for the vulgar never understand it, they can never conceive you, Sir, the excellency of these things.

Johns. 'Tis a sad Fate, I must confess: but you Write on still, for all that?

Bayes.

Bayes. Write on? I, I Gad, I warrant you. 'Tis not their talk shall stop me: if they catch me at that lock, I'll give 'em leave to hang me. As long as I know my things are good, what care I, what they say? What, are they gone, without singing my last new Song? 'Sbud, would it were in their Bellies. I'll tell you, Mr. *Johnson*, if I have any skill in these matters, I vow to Gad, this Song is peremptorily the very best that ever yet was Written: you must know, it was made by *Tom Thimble's* first Wife after she was dead.

Smi. How, Sir? after she was dead?

Bayes. Ay, Sir, after she was dead. Why, what have you to say to that?

Johns. Say, why, nothing: he were a Devil that had any thing to say to that?

Bayes. Right!

Smi. How did she come to dye, pray Sir?

Bayes. Phoo! that's no matter; by a Fall: but here's the conceit, that upon his knowing she was kill'd by an Accident, he supposes, with a Sigh, that she dy'd for love of him.

Johns. I, I, that's well enough: let's hear it, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. 'Tis to the Tune of Farewel fair *Armida*, *On Seas and in Battels, in Bullets*, and all that.

SONG.

In Swords, Pikes, and Bullets, 'tis safer to be,
Than in a strong Castle, remoted from thee:
My deaths-bruise pray think you gave me, tho a fall
Did give it me more, from the top of a Wall;
For then if the Moat on her Mud would first lay,
And after before you my body convey:
The blew on my breast when you happen to see,
You'l say, with a Sigh, there's a True blew for me.

Ha, Rogues! when I am merry, I write these things as fast as hops, I Gad; for you must know I am as pleasant a Debauchee, as ever you saw: I am i'faith.

Smi. But Mr. *Bayes*, how comes this Song in here? for, methinks, there is no great occasion for it.

Bayes. Alack, Sir, you know nothing: you must ever interlard your Playes with Songs, Ghosts, and Dances, if you mean to——a——

Johns. Pit, Box, and Gallery, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. I Gad, and you have nick'd it: Hark you, Mr. *Johnson*, you know I don't Flatter, a Gad, you have a great deal of Wit.

Johns. O Lord, Sir, you do me too much honour.

Bayes. Nay, nay, come, come, Mr. *Johnson*, I faith this must not be said, amongst us that have it. I know you have wit by the Judgment you make of this Play; for that's the Measure I go by: my Play is my Touchstone. When a man tells me such a one is person of Parts; is he so, say I? what do I do, but bring him presently to see this Play: If he likes it, I know what to think of him; if not, your most humble Servant, Sir, I'l no more of him upon my word, I thank you. I am *Clara voyant*, I Gad. Now here we go on to our business.

SCENA II.

Enter the Two Usurpers, hand in hand.

Ush. BUt what's become of *Volscius* the great?
His presence has not grac'd our Courts of late.

Phys. I fear some ill, from emulation sprung,
Has from us that Illustrious *Hero* wrung.

Bayes. Is not that Majestical?

Smi. Yes, but who a Devil is that *Volscius*?

Bayes. Why, that's a Prince I make in love with *Parthenope*.

Smi. I thank you Sir.

Ente Cordelio.

Cor. My Lieges, news from *Volscius* the Prince.

Ush.

Ush. His news is welcome, whatsoe'er it be.

Smi. How, Sir, do you mean whether it be good or bad?

Bayes. Nay, pray, Sir, have a little patience: Godsookers you'l spoil all my Play. Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to answer every impertinent question you ask.

Smi. Cry you mercy, Sir.

Bayes. His Highness Sirs, commanded me to tell you,
That the Fair person whom you both do know,
Despairing of forgiveness for her fault,
In a deep sorrow, twice she did attempt
Upon her precious life; but by the care
Of standers by prevented was.

Smi. 'Sheart, what stuff's here!

Cor. At last
Volscius the great this dire resolve embrac'd:
His servants he into the Country sent,
And he himself to *Peccadille* went,
Where he's inform'd, by Letters that she's dead.

Ush. Dead! is that possible? Dead!

Phys. O ye Gods! [*Exeunt.*

Bayes. There's a smart expression of a Passion; O ye Gods! That's one of my bold strokes, I Gad.

Smi. Yes; but who is the Fair person that's dead?

Bayes. That you shall know anon, Sir.

Smi. Nay; if we know it at all, 'tis well enough.

Bayes. Perhaps you may find too, by and by, for all this that she's not dead neither.

Smi. Marry, that's good news indeed: I am glad of that, with all my heart.

Bayes. Now here's the Man brought in that is suppos'd to have kill'd her. [*A great shout within.*

SCENA III.

Enter Amaryllis *with a Book in her hand, and Attendants.*

Ama. WHat shout Triumphant's that?

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. Shie maid, upon the River brink, near *Twit'nam* Town, the false Assassinate is tane.

Ama. Thanks to the Powers above, for this deliverance.
I hope its slow beginning will portend
A forward *Exit* to all future End.

Bayes. Pish, there you are out; to all Future end? No, no; to all future End: you must lay the Accent upon End, or else you lose the conceipt.

Smi. I see you are very perfect in these mattes.

Bayes. I, Sir; I have been long enough at it, one would think, to know something.

Enter Soldiers dragging in an old Fisherman.

Ama. Villain, what Monster did corrupt thy mind
T'attaque the noblest Soul of Humane kind?
Tell me who set thee on.

Fish. Prince *Prettyman.*

Ama. To kill whom?

Fish. Prince *Prettyman.*

Ama. What, did Prince *Prettyman* hire you to kill Prince *Prettyman?*

Fish. No; Prince *Volscius.*

Ama. To kill whom?

Fish. Prince *Volscius.*

Ama. What did Prince *Volscius* hire you to kill Prince *Volscius?*

Fish. No; Prince *Prettyman.*

Ama. So drag him hence,
Till torture of the Rack produce his Sense. [*Exeunt.*

Bayes. Mark how I make the horrour of his guilt confound his Intellects; for he's out at one and t'other: and that's the design of this Scene.

Smi. I see, Sir, you have a several design for every Scene.

Bayes. I, that's my way of Writing; and so Sir, I can dispatch you a whole Play, before another man, I Gad, can make an end of his Plot.

SCENA IV.

SO now enter Prince *Prettyman* in a rage. Where the Devil is he? Why *Prettyman?* why when, I say? O fie, fie, fie, fie! all's marr'd, I vow to Gad, quite marr'd.

Phoo,

Enter Prettyman.

Phoo, pox! you are come too late, Sir, now you may go out again, if you please. I vow to Gad, Mr.——a——I would not give a Button for my Play, now you have done this.

Pret. What Sir?

Bayes. What Sir! 'Slife, Sir, you should have come out in Choler, rous upon the Stage, just as the other went off. Must a man be eternally telling you of these things?

Johns. Sure this must be some very notable matter that he's so angry at.

Smi. I am not of your opinion.

Bayes. Pish! come let's hear your part, Sir.

Pret. Bring in my Father; why d'ye keep him from me?
Altho a Fisherman, he is my Father.
Was ever Son yet brought to this distress,
To be, for being a Son, made Fatherless?
Ah, you just Gods, rob me not of a Father:
The being of a Son take from me rather. [*Exit.*

Smi. Well, *Ned*, what think you now?

Johns. A Devil, this is worst of all. Mr. *Bayes*, pray what's the meaning of this Scene?

Bayes. O, cry you mercy, Sir: I protest I had forgot to tell you. Why, Sir, you must know, that long before the beginning of this Play, this Prince was taken by a Fisherman.

Smi. How, Sir, taken Prisoner?

Bayes. Taken Prisoner? O Lord, what a Question's there! did ever any man ask such a Question? Godlookers, he has put the Plot quite out of my head, with this damn'd question. What was I going to say?

Johns. Nay, the Lord knows: I cannot imagine.

Bayes. Stay, let me see; taken: O 'tis true. Why, Sir, as I was going to say, his Highness here, the Prince, was taken in a Cradle by a Fisherman, and brought up as his Child.

Smi. Indeed?

Bayes. Nay, prythee hold thy peace. And so, Sir, this Murder being committed by the River-side, the Fishermen, upon suspicion, was seiz'd; and thereupon the Prince grew angry.

Smi. So, so, now 'tis very plain,

Johns.

Johns. But Mr. *Bayes*, is not this some disparagement to a Prince, to pass for a Fishermans Son? Have a care of that I pray.

Bayes. No, no; not at all; for 'tis but for a while: I shall fetch him off again, presently, you shall see.

Enter Prettyman *and* Thimble.

Pret. By all the Gods I'll set the world on Fire
Rather than let 'em Ravish hence my Sire.

Thim. Brave *Prettyman* it is at length reveal'd,
That he is not thy Sire who thee conceal'd.

Bayes. Lo you now; there's he's off again.

Johns. Admirably done i'faith.

Bayes. Ay, now the Plot thickens very much upon us.

Pret. What Oracle this darkness can evince?
Sometimes a Fishers Son, sometimes a Prince,
It is a secret, great as is the World;
In which, I like the Soul, am tos'd and hurl'd.
The blackest Ink of Fate, sure, was my Lot,
And when she writ my Name, she made a blot.

[*Exit.*

Bayes. There's a blust'ring Verse for you now!

Smi. Yes, Sir; but why is he so mightily troubled to find he is not a Fishermans Son?

Bayes. Phoo! that is not because he has a mind to be his Son, but for fear he should be thought to be no bodies Son at all.

Smi. Nay, that would trouble a man, indeed.

Bayes. So let me see.

SCENA V.

Reads, Enter Prince Volscius, *going out of Town.*

Smi. I Thought he had been gone to *Peccadille.*

Bayes. Yes he gave it out so; but that was only to cover his design.

Johns. What design?

Bayes. Why, to head the Army, that lies conceal'd for him in *Knights-bridg.*

Johns.

Johns. I see here's a great deal of Plot, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. Yes, now it begins to break; but we shall have a world of more Business anon.

Enter Prince Volscius, Cloris, Amaryllis, *and* Harry *with a Riding Cloak and Boots.*

Ama. Sir, you are Cruel, thus to leave the Town,
And to retire to Country Solitude.

Clo. We hop'd this Summer that we should at least
Have held the honour of your Company.

Bayes. Held the honour of your Company! prettily exprest! Held the honour of your Company! Godsookers, these Fellows will never take notice of any thing.

Johns. I assure you Sir, I admire it extreamly: I don't know what he does.

Bayes. I, I, he's a little envious; but 'tis no great matter. Come.

Ama. Pray let us two this single Boon obtain,
That you will here, with poor Us, still remain.
Before your Horses come pronounce our Fate,
For then, alas! I fear, 'twill be too late.

Bayes. Sad!

Volf. *Harry*, my Boots; for I'll go rage among
My Blades encamp'd, and quit this *Urban* throng.

Smi. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, is not this a little difficult, that you were saying e'en now, to keep an Army thus conceal'd in *Knights-bridge.*

Bayes. In *Knights-bridge*? stay.

Johns. No, not if the Inn-keepers be his friends.

Bayes. His Friends! Ay, Sir, his intimate acquaintance; or else, indeed, I grant it could not be.

Smi. Yes, faith, so it might be very easie.

Bayes. Nay, If I do not make all things easie, I Gad, I'll give you leave to hang me. Now you would think that he is going out of Town; but you shall see how prettily I have contriv'd to stop him, presently.

Smi. By my troth, Sir, you have so amaz'd me, that I know not what to think.

Enter Parthenope.

Volf. Bless me! how frail are all my best Resolves!
How, in a moment, is my Purpose chang'd!

Too

Too soon I thought my self secure from Love.
Fair, Madam, give me leave to ask her name
Who does so gently rob me of my Fame?
For I should meet the Army out of Town,
And, if I fail, must hazard my Renown.

Par. My Mother, Sir, sells Ale by the Town-walls,
And me, her dear *Parthenope* she calls.

Bayes. Now that's the *Parthenope*, I told you of.

Johns. I, I: I Gad you are very right.

Volf. Can vulgar Vestments High-born Beauty shroud?
Thou bringst the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud.

Bayes. The Morning pictur'd in a Cloud! A, Gadsookers, what a conceipt is there!

Par. Give you good Ev'n, Sir. [*Exit.*

Volf. O inauspicious Stars! that I was born
To sudden Love, and to more sudden Scorn!

Ama. } How! Prince *Volscius* in Love? Ha, ha, ha.
Clor. }

[*Exeunt laughing.*

Smi. Sure, Mr. *Bayes*, we have lost some Jest here, that they laugh at so.

Bayes. Why, did you not observe? He first resolves to go out of Town, and then, as he is pulling on his Boots falls in Love with her. Ha, ha, ha.

Smi. Well; and where lyes the Jest of that?

Bayes. Ha? [*Turns to Johnson.*

Johns. Why; in the Boots: where should the Jest lie?

Bayes. I Gad you are in the right; it does [*Turns to Smith.*
Lie in the Boots—Your Friend, and I know where a good Jest lies, tho you don't, Sir.

Smi. Much good do't you Sir.

Bayes. Here, now, Mr. *Johnson*, you shall see a Combat betwixt Love and Honour. An ancient Author has made a whole Play on't, but I have dispatch'd it all in this Scene.

Volscius sits down to pull on his Boots: Bayes Stands by and over acts the Part as he speaks it.

Volf. How has my Passion Made me *Cupid's* scoff!
This hasty Boot is on, the other off,
And sullen lies with Amorous design
To quit loud Fame, and make that Beauty mine.

Smi.

Smi. Prythee mark what pains Mr. *Bayes* takes to Act this Speech himself!

Johns. Yes, the Fool, I see, is mightily transported with it.

Volf. My Legs, the Emblem of my various Thought,
Shew to what sad distraction I am brought.
Sometimes, with stubborn Honour, like this Boot,
My Mind is guarded, and resolv'd: to do't:
Sometimes again, that very mind, by Love
Disarmed, like this other Leg does prove,
Shall I to Honour or to Love give way?
Go on, cries Honour; tender Love saies, nay:
Honour, aloud, commands, pluck both Boots on;
But softer Love does whisper put on none.
What shall I do? what conduct shall I find
To lead me through this Twy-light of my mind?
For as bright Day with black approach of Night
Contending, makes a doubtful puzling light;
So does my Honour and my Love together
Puzzle me so, I can resolve for neither. [*Goes out hopping with one Boot on, and the other off.*

Johns. By my troth, Sir, this is as difficult a Combat as ever I saw, and as equal; for 'tis determin'd on neither side.

Bayes. Ay, is't not now I Gad, ha; For, to go off hip hop, hip hop, upon this occasion, is a thousand times better than any conclusion in the World, I Gad.

Johns. Indeed, Mr. *Bayes*, that hip hop, in this Place as you say, does a very great deal.

Bayes. O, all in all Sir; they are these little things that mar, or set you off a Play: as I remember once, in a Play of mine, I set off a Scene I Gad, beyond expectation, only with a Pettycoat, and the Belly-ake.

Smi. Pray, how was that, Sir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, I contriv'd a Petticoat to be brought in upon a Chair, (no body knew how) into a Prince's Chamber, whose Father was not to see it, that came in by chance.

Johns. God's my life, that was a notable Contrivance indeed.

Smi. I but, Mr. *Bayes*, how could you contrive the Belly-ake?

Bayes. The easiest ith' World, I Gad: I'll tell you how; I made the Prince sit down upon the Pettycoat, no more than so, and pretended to his Father that he had just then got the Belly-ake: whereupon, his Father went out to call a Physician, and his man ran away with the Pettycoat.

Smi. Well, and what follow'd upon that?

Bayes. Nothing, no Earthly thing I vow to Gad.

Johns. O, my word, Mr. *Bayes*, there you hit it.

Bayes. Yes, It gave a world of content. And then I paid 'em away besides, for I made 'em all talk baudy; ha, ha, ha; beastly, downright baudry upon the Stage, I Gad; ha, ha, ha, but with an infinite deal of wit, that I must say.

Johns. That, we know well enough, can never fail you.

Bayes. No, I Gad can't it, Come, bring in the Dance. [*Exit.*

to call 'em.

Smi. Now, the Devil take thee for a Silly, Confident, Unnatural, Fulsom Rogue.

Enter Bayes *and* Players.

Bayes. Pray Dance well, before these Gentlemen: your are commonly so lazy; but you should be light and easie, tah, tah, tha.

All the while they Dance, Bayes *puts 'em out with teaching 'em.*

Well Gentlemen, you'l see this Dance, if I am not deceiv'd, take very well upon the Stage, when they are perfect in their motions, and all that.

Smi. I don't know how 'twill take, Sir; but I am sure you sweat hard for't.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, it costs me more pains and trouble, to do these things, than almost the things are worth.

Smi. By my troth, I think so, Sir.

Bayes. Not for the things themselves, for I could write you Sir, forty of 'em in a day; but, I Gad, these Players are such Dull persons, that if a man be not by 'em upon every Point, and at every Turn, I Gad, they'l mistake you, Sir, and spoil all.

Enter a Player.

What is the Funeral ready?

Play. Yes, Sir.

Bayes.

Bayes. And is the Lance fill'd with Wine?

Play. Sir, 'tis just now a doing.

Bayes. Stay then, I'l do it my self.

Smi. Come, let's go with him.

Bayes. A Match. But Mr. *Johnson*, I Gad, I am not like other persons; they care not what becomes of their things, so they can but get Money for 'em: now, I Gad, when I Write, if it be not just as it should be in every circumstance, to every particular, I Gad; I am no more able to endure it, I am not my self, I'm out of my wits, and all that, I'm the strangest person in the whole world. For what care I for Mony? I write for Fame, and Reputation. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus tertii.

ACTUS IV. SCENA I

Bayes, *and the two Gentlemen.*

Bayes. GEntlemen, because I would not have any two things alike in this Play, the last Act beginning with a witty Scene of Mirth, I make this to begin with a Funeral.

Smi. And is that all your reason for it, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. No, Sir; I have a Precedent for it besides. A person of Honour, and a *Scholar*, brought in his Funeral just so: and he was one (let me tell you) that knew as well what belong'd to a Funeral, as any man in *England*, I Gad.

Johns. Nay, if that be so, you are safe.

Bayes. I Gad, but I have another Device, a Frolick, which I think yet better than all this; not for the Plot or Characters, (for in my Heroic Plays, I make no difference, as to those matters) but for another contrivance.

Smi. What is that, I pray?

Bayes. Why, I have design'd a Conquest, that Cannot possibly, I Gad, be acted in less than a whole Week, and I'l speak a

bold word, it shall Drum, Trumpet, Shoot, and Battle, I Gad, with any the most Warlike Tragedy we have, either Ancient or Modern.

Johns. I, marry, Sir; there you say something.

Smi. And pray, Sir, how have you order'd this same Frolick of yours?

Bayes. Faith, Sir, by the Rule of Romance! For Example: they divided their things into three, four, five, six, seven, eight, or as many Tomes as they please: now, I would very fain know what should hinder me, from doing the same with my things, if I please?

Johns. Nay, if you should not be Master of your own Works, 'tis very hard.

Bayes. That is my Sence. And then, Sir, this contrivance of mine has something of the Reason of a Play in it too: for as every one makes you five Acts to one Play, what do me I, but make five Playes to one Plot: by which means the Auditors have every day a new thing.

Johns. Most admirably good, i'faith! and must certainly take, because it is not tedious.

Bayes. I, Sir, I know that, there's the main point. And then, upon *Saturday*, to make a close of all, (for I ever begin upon a *Monday*) I make you, Sir, a sixth Play, that sums up the whole matter to 'em, and all that, for fear they should have forgot it.

Johns. That consideration, Mr. *Bayes*, indeed I think, will be very necessary.

Smi. And when comes in your share, pray Sir?

Bayes. The Third week.

Johns. I vow you'l get a world of Money.

Bayes. Why, faith, a man must live: and if you don't, thus, pitch upon some new device, I Gad, you'l never do it; for this Age (take it o'my word) is somewhat hard to please. But There's one pretty odd passage, in the last of these Plays, which may be executed two several ways, wherein I'd have your opinion, Gentlemen.

Johns. what is't, Sir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, I make a Male-person to be in Love with a Female

Smi.

Smi. Do you mean that, Mr. *Bayes*, for a new thing?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, as I have order'd it. You shall hear. He having passionately lov'd her through my five whole Playes, finding at last that she consents to his Love, just after that his Mother had appear'd to him like a Ghost, he kills himself. That's one way. The other is, that she coming at last to love him, with as violent a passion as he lov'd her, she kills her self. Now my question is, which of these two persons should suffer upon this occasion?

Johns. By my troth, it is a very hard Case to decide.

Bayes. The hardest in the World, I Gad, and has puzled this pate very much. What say you, Mr. *Smith*.

Smi. Why truly, Mr. *Bayes*, if it might stand with your Justice now, I would spare 'em both.

Bayes. I Gad, and I think——ha——why then, I'l make him hinder her from killing her self. Ay, it shall be so. Come, come, bring in the Funeral.

Enter a Funeral, with the two Usurpers and Attendants.

Lay it down there: no, no, here, Sir. So now speak.

K. Ush. Set down the Funeral Pile; and let our grief
Receive from it's embraces, some relief.

K. Phys. Was't not unjust to ravish hence her Breath,
And, in Life's stead, to leave us nought but Death?
The World discovers now it's emptiness,
And, by her loss, demonstrates we have less.

Bayes. Is not this good Language now? is not that Elevate? 'Tis my *non ultra*, I Gad. You must know they were both in love with her.

Smi. With her? with whom?

Bayes. Why, this is *Lardella's* Funeral.

Smi. Lardella! I, who is she?

Bayes. Why, Sir, the Sister of *Drawcansir*. A Lady that was drown'd at Sea, and had a Wave for her Winding-sheet.

K. Ush. Lardella, O *Lardella*, from above,
Behold the Tragick issues of our Love.
Pity us, sinking under grief and pain,
For thy being cast away upon the Main.

Bayes. Look you now, you see I told you true.

Smi.

Smi. I, Sir, and I thank you for it, very kindly.

Bayes. Ay, I Gad, but you will not have patience; honest Mr. ——a——you will not have patience.

Johns. Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, who is that *Drawcansir*?

Bayes. Why, Sir, a fierce *Hero*, that frights his Mistress, snubs up Kings, baffles Armies, and does what he will, without regard to Numbers, good Manners, or Justice.

Johns. A very pretty Character!

Smi. But, Mr. *Bayes*, I thought your *Heroes* had ever been men of great Humanity and Justice.

Bayes. Yes, they have been so; but for my part, I prefer that one Quality of singly beating of whole Armies above all your Moral Virtues put together, I Gad. You shall see him come in presently. Zookers, why don't you read the paper? [*to the Players.*

K. Phys. O, cry you mercy. [*Goes to take the Paper.*

Bayes. Pish! nay you are such a fumbler. Come I'll read it my self. [*Takes a paper from off the Coffin.* Stay, it's an ill Hand: I must use my Spectacles. This now is a Copy of Verses, which I make *Lardella* compose, just as she is dying, with design to have it pin'd upon her Coffin, and so read by one of the Usurpers who is her Cousin.

Smi. A very shrewd design that, upon my word, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. And what do you think now I Fancy her to make Love like, here, in the paper?

Smi. Like a Woman: what should she make Love like?

Bayes. O my word you are out tho, Sir; I Gad, you are.

Smi. What then? like a man?

Bayes. No, Sir; like a Humble Bee.

Smi. I confess, that I should not have Fancy'd.

Bayes. It may be so, Sir. But it is, tho, in order to the opinion of some of your ancient Philosophers, who held the Transmigration of the Soul.

Smi. Very fine.

Bayes. I'l read the Title. *To my dear Couz. King* Phys.

Smi. That's a little too familiar with a King, tho, Sir, by your favour, for a Humble Bee.

Bayes. Mr. *Smith*, in other things, I grant your knowledge may be above me; but, as for Poetry, give me leave to say,

I understand that better: it has been longer my practice; it has indeed, Sir.

Smi. Your servant, Sir.

Bayes. Pray mark it.

Since Death my Earthly part will thus remove [*Reads.*
I'l come a Humble Bee to your chaste Love:
With silent wings I'l follow you, dear Couz;
Or else, before you, in the Sun-beams, Buz.
And when to Melancholly Groves you come,
An Airy Ghost, you'l know me by my Hum;
For Sound, being Air, a Ghost does well become.

Smi. (*After a pause.*) Admirably!

Bayes. At Night, into your bosom I will creep,
And Buz but softly if you chance to sleep:
Yet in your Dreams, I will pass sweeping by,
And then, both Hum and Buz before your eye.

Johns. By my troth, that's a very great promise.

Smi. Yes, and a most extraordinary comfort to boot.

Bayes. Your Bed of Love from Dangers I will free;
But most from Love of any future Bee.
And when with pity your heart strings shall crack,
With empty arms I'l bear you on my back.

Smi. A pick-a-pack, a pick-a-pack.

Bayes. Ay, I Gad, but is not that *tuant* now, ha? is it not *tuant?* Here's the end.

Then at your birth of Immortality,
Like any winged Archer, hence, I'l fly;
And teach you your first flutt'ring in the Sky.

Johns. O rare! This is the most natural, refin'd Fancy, that ever I heard, I'l swear.

Bayes. Yes, I Think, for a dead person, it is a good enough way of making Love: for being divested of her Terrestrial part, and all that, she is only capable of these little, pretty Amorous designs, that are Innocent, and yet Passionate. Come, draw your Swords.

K. Phys. Come Sword, come sheath thy self within this breast,
Which only in *Lardella's* Tomb can rest.

K. Ush. Come, Dagger, come, and penetrate this Heart,
Which cannot from *Lardella's* Love depart.

Enter.

Enter Pallas.

Pal. Hold, stop your murd'ring hands
At *Pallas's* Commands:
For the supposed Dead, O Kings,
Forbear to act such Deadly things.
Lardella lives; I did but try
If Princes for their Loves could dye.
Such Celestial constancy
Shall, by the Gods, rewarded be:
And from these Funeral Obsequies
A Nuptial Banquet shall arise.

[*The Coffin opens, and a Banquet is discover'd.*

Bayes. So, take away the Coffin. Now it's out. This is the very Funeral of the Fair person which *Valscius* sent word was dead, and *Pallas*, you see has turn'd it into a Banquet.

Smi. Well, but where is this Banquet?

Bayes. Nay, look you, Sir, we must first have a Dance, for joy that *Lardella* is not dead. Pray, Sir, give me leave to bring in my things Properly, at least.

Smi. That, indeed, I had forgot: I ask your pardon.

Bayes. O, d'ye so, Sir? I am glad you will confess your self once in an error, Mr. *Smith*.

Dance.

K. Ush. Resplendent *Pallas*, we in thee do find
The fiercest Beauty, and a fiercer Mind:
And since to thee *Lardella's* life we owe,
We'll supple Statues in thy Temple grow.

K. Phys. Well, since alive *Lardella's* found,
Let, in full Boles, her Health go round.

[*The two Usurpers take each of them a Bole in their hands.*

K. Ush. But where's the Wine?

Pal. That shall be mine.
Lo, from this conquering Lance,
Does flow the purest Wine of *France*: [*Fills the Boles*
And, to appease your hunger, I [*out of her Lance.*
Have, in my Helmet, brought a Pye:
Lastly, to bear a part with these,
Behold a Buckler made of Cheese. [*vanish* Pallas.

Bayes.

Bayes. There's the Banquet. Are you ſatisfi'd now, Sir?

Johnſ. By my troth, now, that is new, and more than I expected.

Bayes. Yes, I knew this would pleaſe you: for the chief Art in Poetry is to elevate your expectation, and then bring you off ſome extraordinary way.

Enter Drawcanſir.

K. Phyſ. What man is this, that dares diſturb our Feaſt?

Draw. He that dares drink, and for that drink dares Dye,
And, knowing this, dares yet drink on, am I.

Johnſ. That is, Mr. *Bayes*, as much as to ſay, that tho he would rather die than not drink, yet he would fain drink for all that too.

Bayes. Right; that's the conceipt on't.

Johnſ. 'Tis a marvellous good one, I ſwear.

Bayes. Now there are ſome Criticks that have adviſ'd me to put out the Second *Dare*, and prink *Muſt* in the place on't; but, I Gad, I think 'tis better thus a great deal.

Johnſ. Who! a thouſand times.

Bayes. Go on then.

K. Vſh. Sir, if you pleaſe, we ſhould be glad to know,
How long you here will ſtay, how ſoon you'l go.

Bayes. Is not that now like a Well-bred perſon, I Gad? So Modeſt, ſo Gent.

Smi. O, very like.

Draw. You ſhall not know how long I here will ſtay;
But you ſhall know I'll take your Boles away.

{ *Snatches the Boles out of the Kings hands, and drinks 'em off.*

Smi. But, Mr. *Bayes*, is that (too) Modeſt and Gent?

Bayes. No, I Gad, Sir, but it's Great.

K. Vſh. Tho, Brother, this grum Stranger be a Clown,
He'l leave us, ſure, a little to gulp down.

Draw. Who e'er to gulp one prop of this dares think,
I'l ſtare away his very pow'r to drink.

{ *The two Kings ſneak off the Stage, with their Attendants.*

I Drink, I Huff, I Strut, look big, and Stare;
And all this I can do, becauſe I dare. [*Exit.*

Smi. I ſuppoſe, Mr. *Bayes*, this is the fierce *Hero* you ſpoke of.

Bayes. Yes; but this is nothing: you ſhall ſee him, in the laſt Act, win above a dozen Battles, one after another, I Gad, as faſt as they can poſſible come upon the Stage.

Johnſ. That will be a ſight worth the ſeeing indeed.

Smi. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, why do you make the Kings let him uſe 'em ſo ſcurvily?

Bayes. Phoo! that is to raiſe the Character of *Drawcanſir*.

Johnſ. O' my word, that was well thought on.

Bayes. Now, Sirs, I'll ſhew you a Scene indeed; or rather indeed, the Scene of Scenes. 'Tis an Heroick Scene.

Smi. And pray, Sir, what's your Deſign in this Scene?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my deſign is guilded Truncheons, forc'd Conceipt, ſmooth Verſe, and a Rant: In fine, if this Scene does not take, I Gad, I'll write no more. Come, come in, Mr —a— nay, come in as many as you can. Gentlemen, I muſt deſire you to remove a little, for I muſt fill the Stage.

Smi. Why fill the Stage?

Bayes. O, Sir, becauſe your Heroick Verſe never ſounds well, but when the Stage is full.

SCENA II.

Enter Prince Prettyman, *and Prince* Volſcius.

NAy, hold, hold; pray by your leave a little. Look you, Sir, the drift of this Scene is ſomewhat more than ordinary: for I make 'em both fall out becauſe they are not in Love with the ſame Wowan.

Smi. Not in Love? you mean, I ſuppoſe, becauſe they are in Love, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. No, Sir; I ſay not in Love: there's a new Conceipt for you. Now ſpeak.

Pret. Since Fate, Prince *Volſcius*, now has found the way
For our ſo long'd for meeting here this day,

Lend

Lend thy attention to my grand concern.
Volſ. I gladly would that Story from thee learn;
But thou to Love doſt, *Prettyman*, incline:
Yet Love in thy breaſt, is not Love in mine?
Bayes. *Antitheſis*! Thine and mine.
Pret. Since Love it ſelf's the ſame, why ſhould it be
Diff'ring in you from what it is in me?
Bayes. Reaſoning! I Gad, I love Reaſoning in verſe.
Volſ. Love takes, *Camelion*-like, a various Dye
From every Plant on which it ſelf does lye.
Bayes. *Simile*!
Pret. Let not thy love the courſe of Nature fright:
Nature does moſt in Harmony delight.
Volſ. How weak a *Deity* would Nature prove
Contending with the powerful God of Love?
Bayes. There's a great Verſe!
Volſ. If Incenſe thou wilt offer at the Shrine
Of mighty Love, burn it to none but mine.
Her Roſie-lips eternal ſweets exhale;
And her bright Flames make all Flames elſe look pale.
Bayes. I Gad, that is right.
Pret. Perhaps dull Incenſe may thy Love ſuffice;
But mine muſt be Ador'd with Sacrifice.
All Hearts turn aſhes which her Eyes controul:
The Body they conſume, as well as Soul.
Volſ. My Love has yet a power more Divine;
Victims her Altars burn not, but refine:
Amidſt the Flames they ne're give up the Ghoſt,
But with her Looks, revive ſtill as they roaſt.
In ſpite of Pain, and Death, they're kept alive:
Her fiery Eyes make 'em in Fire ſurvive.
Bayes. That is as well, *I* Gad, as *I* can do.
Volſ. Let my *Parthenope* at length prevail.
Bayes. Civil, *I* Gad.
Pret. I'l ſooner have a Paſſion for a Whale:
In whoſe vaſt Bulk, tho ſtore of Oyl doth lye,
We find more Shape, more Beauty in a Fly.
Smi. That's uncivil, *I* Gad.
Bayes. Yes; but as far a fetch'd Fancy, tho, *I* Gad, as e're you ſaw.

Volſ. Soft, *Prettyman*, let not thy vain pretence
Of perfect Love, defame Loves excellence.
Parthenope is ſure, as far above
All other Loves, as above all is Love.

Bayes. Ah! I Gad, that ſtrikes me.

Pret. To blame my *Cloris*, Gods would not pretend.

Bayes. Now mark.

Volſ. Were all Gods join'd, they could not hope to mend
My better choice: for fair *Parthenope*,
Gods would, themſelves, Un-god themſelves to ſee.

Bayes. Now the Rant's a coming.

Pret. Durſt any of the Gods be ſo uncivil,
I'll make that God ſubſcribe himſelf a Devil.

Bayes. Ah, Godſookers, that's well writ!

[*Scratching his head, his Perruke falls off.*

Volſ. Could'ſt thou that God from Heav'n to Earth tranſlate,
He could not fear to want a Heavenly State,
Parthenope, on Earth, can Heav'n create.

Pret. *Cloris* does Heav'n it ſelf ſo far excel,
She can tranſcend the joys of Heav'n in Hell.

Bayes. There's a bold flight for you now! 'Sdeath, I have loſt my Perruke. Well Gentlemen, this is that I never yet ſaw any one could write, but my ſelf. Here's true Spirit and Flame all through, I Gad. So, So; pray clear the Stage.

[*He puts 'em off the Stage.*

Johnſ. I wonder how the Coxcomb has got the knack of writing ſmooth Verſe thus.

Smi. Why, there's no need of Brain for this: 'tis but Scanning: the labour's in the finger; but where's the Senſe of it?

Johnſ. O', for that, he deſires to be excus'd: he is too proud a man to creep ſervilly after Senſe, *I* aſſure you. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, why is this Scene all in Verſe?

Bayes. O, Sir, the Subject is too great for Proſe.

Smi. Well ſaid, i'faith; I'll give thee a pot of Ale for that anſwer: 'tis well worth it.

Bayes. Come with all my heart.
I'll make that God ſubſcribe himſelf a Devil,
That ſingle Line, I Gad, is worth all that my brother Poets ever writ. Let down the Curtain. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACTUS

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Bayes, *and the two Gentlemen.*

Bayes. NOW, Gentlemen, *I* will be bold to say, I'll shew you the greatest Scene that ever *England* saw: *I* mean not for words, for those *I* do not value; but for State, Shew, and Magnificence. In fine, I'll justifie it to be as grand to the Eye every whit, *I* Gad, as that great Scene in *Harry* the Eight, and grander too, *I* Gad; for instead of two Bishops, *I* bring in here, four Cardinals.

The Curtain is drawn up, the two usurping Kings appear in State, with the four Cardinals, Prince Prettyman, *Prince* Volscius, Amaryllis, Cloris, Parthenope, *&c. before them, Heralds and Serjeants at Arms with Maces.*

Smi. Mr. *Bayes*, pray what is the reason that two of the Cardinals are in Hats, and the other in Caps?

Bayes. Why, Sir, because——By Gad, I won't tell you: your Country friend, Sir, grows so troublesome!

K. Ush. Now, Sir, to the Business of the day.

K. Phys. Speak *Volscius.*

Volsc. Dread Soveraign Lords, my zeal to you, must not invade my duty to your Son; let me intreat that great Prince *Prettyman* first do speak, whose high preheminence, in all things that do bear the name of Good, may justly claim that priviledge.

Bayes. Here it begins to unfold, you may perceive, now, that he is his Son.

Johns. Yes, Sir; and we are very much beholding to you for that discovery.

Pret. Royal Father upon my knees *I* beg,
That the Illustrious *Volscius* first be heard.

Volsc. That preference is only due to *Amaryllis*, Sir.

Bayes. I'll make her speak very well, by and by, you shall see.

Ama. Invincible Soveraigns—— [*Soft Musick.*

K. Ush.

K. Uſh. But ſtay what Sound is this invades our Ear?
K. Phyſ. Sure 'tis the Muſic of the moving Spheres.
Pret. Behold with wonder, yonder comes from far
A God-like-Cloud, and a Triumphant Car:
In which, our two right Kings ſit one by one,
With Virgins Veſts, and Laurel Garlands on.
K. Uſh. Then, Brother *Phyſ.* 'tis time we ſhould begon.

{ *The two Uſurpers ſteal out of the Throne, and go away.*

Bayes. Look you now, did not *I* tell you that this would be as eaſie a change as the other?
Smi. Yes, faith, you did ſo; tho *I* confeſs, *I* could not believe you; but you have brought it about, *I* ſee.

{ *The two right Kings of* Brentford *deſcend in the Clouds, ſinging, in white Garments; and three Fidlers ſitting before them, in green.*

Bayes. Now, becauſe the two right Kings deſcend from above, *I* make 'em ſing to the Tune, and Stile of our modern Spirits.

1 *King.* Haſte, Brother King, we are ſent from above;
2 *King.* Let us move, let us move:
Move to remove the Fate
Of *Brentfords* long united State.
1 *King.* Tarra, tan tara, full Eaſt and by South,
We ſail with Thunder in our mouth.
2 *King.* In ſcorching noon day, whil'ſt the traveller ſtays;
Buſie, Buſie, Buſie, Buſie, we buſtle along.
Mounted upon warm *Phœbus* his Rayes,
Through the Heavenly throng,
Haſting to thoſe
Who will feaſt us, at night, with a Pigs Petty-toes.
1 *King.* And we'l fall with our Pate
In an *Olio* of hate.
2 *King.* But now ſuppers done, the Servitors try,
Like Souldiers, to ſtorm a whole Half-moon Pye;
1 *King.* They gather, they gather hot Cuſtards in ſpoons,
But Alas, I muſt leave theſe Half-moons,
And repair to my truſty Dragoons.

2 *King.*

2 *King.* O ſtay, for you need not as yet go aſtray;
The Tyde, like a Friend, has brought Ships in our way,
And on their high ropes we will play.
Like Maggots in Filberds, we'l Snug in our ſhell,
We'l friſk in our ſhell,
We'l firk in our ſhell,
And farewel.

1 *King.* But the Ladies have all inclination to dance,
And the green Frogs croak out a Coranto of *France.*

Bayes. Is not that pretty, now? The Fidlers are all in green.

Smi. I, but they play no Coranto.

Johnſ. No, but they play a Tune, that's a great deal better.

Bayes. No Coranto, quoth a! that's a good one, with all my heart. Come, ſing on.

2 *King.* Now Mortals that hear
How we Tilt and Carreer,
With wonder will fear
The event of ſuch things as ſhall never appear.

1 *King.* Stay you to fulfil what the Gods have decreed.

2 *King.* Then call me to help you, if there ſhall be need.

1 *King,* So firmly reſolv'd is a true *Brentford* King
To ſave the Diſtreſſed, and help to 'em bring,
That ere a Full-pot of good Ale you can ſwallow,
He's here with a Whoop, and gone with a Holla.

[Bayes *philips his finger, and ſings after 'em.*

Bayes. He's here with a Whoop, and gone with a Holla. This, Sir, you muſt know, I thought once to have brought in with a Conjurer.

Johnſ. I, that would have been better.

Bayes. No, faith, not when you conſider it: for thus 'tis more compendious, and does the thing every whit as well.

Smi. Thing! what thing?

Bayes. Why, bring 'em down again into the [Throne, Sir; what thing would you have?

Smi. Well; but, methinks the Senſe of this Song is not very plain.

Bayes. Plain? why did you ever hear any People in Clouds ſpeak plain? They muſt be all for flight of Fancie, at its full Range, without the leaſt Check, or Controul upon it. When once

once you tye up Spirits, and People in Clouds to ſpeak plain, you ſpoil all.

Smi. Bleſs me, what a Monſter's this!

[*The two Kings light out of the Clouds, and ſtep into the Throne.*

1 *King.* Come, now to ſerious Counſel we'l advance.

2 *King.* I do agree; but firſt, let's have a Dance.

Bayes. Right. You did that very well, Mr. *Cartwright*. *But firſt, let's have a Dance.* Pray remember that; be ſure you do it always juſt ſo: for it muſt be done as if it were the effect of thought, and premeditation. *But firſt, let's have a Dance.* Pray remember that.

Smi. Well, I can hold no longer, I muſt gag this rogue; there's no enduring of him.

Johnſ. No, prithee make uſe of thy patience a little longer: let's ſee the end of him now. [*Dance a grand Dance.*

Bayes. This, now, is an ancient Dance, of right belonging to the Kings of *Brentford*; but ſince deriv'd, with a little alteration, to the Inns of Court.

An Alarm. Enter two Heralds.

1 *King.* What ſaucie Groom moleſts our privacies?

1 *Her.* The Army's at the door, and in diſguiſe,
Deſires a word with both your Majeſties.

2 *Her.* Having from *Knights-Bridge* hither march'd by ſtealth.

2 *King.* Bid 'em attend a while, and drink our Health.

Smi. How, Mr. *Bayes*? the Army in diſguiſe?

Bayes. Ay, Sir, for fear the Uſurpers might diſcover them that went out but juſt now.

Smi. Why, what if they had diſcover'd them?

Bayes. Why, then they had broke the Deſign.

1 *King.* Here take five Guineys for thoſe warlike men.

2 *King.* And here's five more; that makes the ſum juſt ten.

1 *Her.* We have not ſeen ſo much, the Lord knows when.
[*Exeunt Heralds.*

1 *King.* Speak on, brave *Amaryllis*.

Ama. Invincible Soveraigns, Blame not my modeſty,
If at this grand conjuncture——

[*Drum beats behind the Stage.*

1 *King.* What dreadful noiſe is this that comes and goes?

Enter a Souldier with his Sword drawn.

Sould. Haſte hence, great Sirs, your Royal perſons ſave,
For

For the event of War no Mortal knowes:
The Army, wrangling for the Gold you gave,
Firſt fell to words, and then to handy-blows. [*Exit.*

Bayes. Is not that now a pretty kind of a Stanza, and a handſome come off?

2 *King.* O dangerous eſtate of Soveraign pow'r!
Obnoxious to the change of every hour.

1 *King.* Let us for ſhelter in our Cabinet ſtay:
Perhaps theſe threatning ſtorms may paſs away.
[*Exeunt.*

Johnſ. But Mr. *Bayes*, did not you promiſe us, juſt now, to make *Amaryllis* ſpeak very well.

Bayes. Ay, and ſo ſhe would have done, but that they hinder'd her.

Smi. How, Sir, whether you would or no?

Bayes. Ay, Sir, the Plot lay ſo that, I vow to Gad, it was not to be avoided.

Smi. Marry, that was hard.

Johnſ. But, pray, who hinder'd her?

Bayes. Why, the Battel, Sir, that's juſt coming in at door: And I'll tell you now a ſtrange thing, tho I don't pretend to do more than other men, I Gad, I'll give you both a whole Week to gheſs how I'll repreſent this Battel.

Smi. I had rather be bound to Fight your Battel, I aſſure you, Sir.

Bayes. Whoo! there's it now: fight a Battel? there's the common error. I knew preſently where I ſhould have you. Why pray, Sir, do but tell me this one thing, Can you think it a decent thing, in a Battel before Ladies, to have men run their Swords through one another, and all that?

Johnſ. No, faith, 'tis not civil.

Bayes. Right. On the other ſide; to have a long relation of Squadrons here, and Squadrons there: what is it but dull prolixity?

Johnſ. Excellently reaſon'd by my troth!

Bayes. Wherefore, Sir, to avoid both thoſe Indicorums, I ſum up my whole Battel in the repreſentation of two perſons only, no more: and yet ſo lively, that, I vow to Gad, you would ſwear ten thouſand men were at it really engag'd. Do you mark me?

Smi. Yes, Sir; but I think I ſhould hardly ſwear tho, for all that.

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, but you would, tho, when you ſee it: for I make 'em both come out in Armor *Cap-a-pe*, with their Swords drawn, and hung, with a ſcarlet Ribbon at their wriſts, (which you know, repreſents Fighting enough.)

Johnſ. I, I; ſo much, that, if I were in your place I would make 'em go out again without ever ſpeaking one word.

Bayes. No; there You are out: for I make each of 'em hold a Lute in his hand.

Smi. How Sir? inſtead of a Buckler?

Bayes. O Lord, O Lord! inſtead of a Buckler? Pray Sir do you ask no more queſtions, I make 'em, Sir, play the Battel in *Recitativo*. And here's the conceipt. Juſt at the very ſame inſtant that one ſings, the other, Sir, recovers you his Sword, and puts himſelf in a warlike poſture: ſo that you have at once your Ear entertain'd with Muſick and good Language; and your Eye ſatisfied with the Garb, and Accoutrements of War.

Smi. I confeſs Sir, you ſtupifie me.

Bayes. You ſhall ſee.

Johnſ. But Mr. *Bayes*, might not we have a little fighting? for I love thoſe Playes, where they Cut and Slaſh one another upon the Stage, for a whole hour together.

Bayes. Why, then, to tell you true, I have contriv'd it both wayes. But you ſhall have my *Recitativo* firſt.

Johnſ. I, now, you are right: there is nothing then can be objected againſt it.

Bayes. True: and ſo, I Gad, I'll make it, too, a Tragedy, in a trice.

Enter, at ſeveral doors, the General, and Lieutenant General, arm'd Cap-a-pe, *with each of them a Lute in his hand, and his ſword drawn, and hung with a ſcarlet Ribbon at his wriſt.*

Lieut. Gen. Villain, thou Lyeſt.

Gen. Arm, arm, *Gonſalvo*, arm; what ho?
The Lye no fleſh can brook, I trow.

Lieut. Gen. Advance, from *Aſton*, with the Muſqueteers.

Gen. Draw down the *Chelſey* Curiaſiers.

Lieut. Gen. The Band you boaſt of, *Chelſey* Curiaſiers,
Shall in my *Putney* Pikes, now meet their Peers.

Gen. *Chiſwickians*, aged, and renown'd in fight.

Join

Join with the *Hammersmith* Brigade.

Lieut. Gen. You'l find my *Mortlake* Boys will do them right,
Unless by *Fulham* numbers over-laid.

Gen. Let the left-wing of *Twit'nam* Foot advance,
And line that Eastern Hedge.

Lieut. Gen. The Horse I rais'd in *Petty-France*
Shall try their chance,
And scour the Meadows, over-grown with Sedge.

Gen. Stand: give the word.

Lieut. Gent. Bright Sword.

Gen. That may be thine.
But 'tis not mine.

Lieut. Gen. Give fire, at once give fire,
And let those recreant Troops perceive mine ire.

Gen. Pursue, pursue; they fly.
That first did give the Lie. [*Exeunt.*

Bayes. This, now, is not improper, I think, because the Spectators know all these Towns, and may easily conceive them to be within the Dominions of the two Kings of *Brentford.*

Johns. Most exceeding well design'd!

Bayes. How do you think I have contriv'd to give a stop to this battel?

Smi. How?

Bayes. By an Eclipse: Which, let me tell you, is a kind of Fancy that was yet never so much as thought of, but by my self, and one person more, that shall be nameless.

Enter Lieutenant General.

Lieut. Gen. What mid-night Darkness does invade the Day,
And snatch the Victor from his conquer'd prey?
Is the Sun weary of this Bloody sight,
And winks upon us with the Eye of light?
'Tis an Eclipse. This was unkind, O Moon,
To clap between me, and the Sun so soon.
Foolish Eclipse; thou this in vain hast done;
My brighter Honour had Eclips'd the Sun:
But now behold Eclipses two in one. [*Exit.*

Johns. This is an admirable representation of a Battel, as ever I saw.

Bayes. I, Sir. But how would you Fancy now to represent an Eclipse?

Smi. Why, that's to be ſuppos'd.

Bayes. Suppos'd! Ay, you are ever at your ſuppoſe: ha, ha, ha. Why you may as well ſuppoſe the whole Play. No, it muſt come in upon the Stage, that's certain: but in ſome odd way, that may delight, amuſe, and all that. I have a conceipt for't, that I am ſure is new, and, I believe to the purpoſe.

Johnſ. How's that?

Bayes. Why, the truth is, I took the firſt hint of this out of a Dialogue, between *Phœbus* and *Aurora* in the *Slighted Maid*: which by my troth, was very pretty; but I think, you'l confeſs this is a little better.

Johnſ. No doubt on't Mr. *Bayes*. A great deal better.

[Bayes *hugs* Johnſon, *then turns to* Smith.

Bayes. Ah dear Rogue: but—a—Sir, you have heard I ſuppoſe, that your Eclipſe of the Moon, is nothing elſe, but an interpoſition of the Earth, between the Sun and Moon: as likewiſe your Eclipſe of the Sun is caus'd by an interlocation of the Moon, betwixt the Earth and Sun?

Smi. I have heard ſome ſuch thing indeed.

Bayes. Well, Sir, then what do me I, but make the Earth, Sun, and Moon, come out upon the Stage, and dance the Hey: hum; And, of neceſſity, by the very nature of this Dance, the Earth muſt be ſometimes between the Sun and the Moon, and the Moon between the Earth and Sun; and there you have both your Eclipſes, by demonſtration.

Johnſ. That muſt needs be very fine truly.

Bayes. Yes, it has Fancy in't. And then, Sir, that there may be ſomething in't too of a Joque, I bring 'em in all ſinging, and make the Moon ſell the Earth a Bargain. Come, come out Eclipſe, to the Tune of *Tom Tyler*.

Enter Luna.

Luna. Orbis, O *Orbis*.
Come to me, thou little rogue *Orbis*.

Enter the Earth.

Orb. Who calls *Terra firma*, pray?
Luna. Luna that ne're ſhines by day.
Orb. What means *Luna* in a Vail?
Luna. Luna means to ſhew her tail.
Bayes. There's the Bargain.

Exeunt.

Enter Sol, *to the Tune of* Robin Hood.

Sol. Fie, Siſter, fie; thou mak'ſt me muſe,
Derry, derry down.
To ſee the *Orb* abuſe.

Luna. I hope his anger 'twill not move;
Since I ſhew'd it out of love.
Hey down derry down.

Orb. Where ſhall I thy true love know,
Thou pretty, pretty Moon?

Luna. To morrow ſoon, e're it be noon,
On Mount *Veſuvio.* [*Bis.*

Sol. Then I will ſhine. [*To the Tune of* Trenchmore.

Orb. And I will be fine.

Luna. And I will drink nothing but Lippary wine.

Omnes. And we, *&c.* [*As they Dance the Hey,* Bayes *ſpeaks.*

Bayes. Now the earth's before the Moon; now the Moons before the Sun: there's the Eclipſe again.

Smi. He's mightily taken with this, I ſee.

Johnſ. I, 'tis ſo extraordinary, how can he chuſe?

Bayes. So, now, vaniſh Eclipſe, and enter t'other Battel, and fight. Here now, if I am not miſtaken, you will ſee fighting enough.

[*A battel is fought between Foot and great Hobby-horſes. At laſt,* Drawcanſir *comes in and kills 'em all on both ſides. All this while the Battel is fighting* Bayes *is telling them when to ſhout, and ſhouts with 'em.*

Draw. Others may boaſt a ſingle man to kill;
But I, the Blood of thouſands daily ſpill.
Let petty Kings the names of Parties know:
Where e'er I come, I ſlay both Friend and Foe.
The ſwifteſt Horſemen my ſwift rage controuls,
And from their Bodies drives their trembling Souls.
If they had wings and to the Gods could flie,
I would purſue and beat 'em through the Skie:
And make proud *Jove*, with all his Thunder, ſee,
This ſingle Arm more dreadful is than He. [*Exit.*

Bayes. There's a brave fellow for you now, Sirs. You may talk of your *Hector*, and *Achilles*, and I know not who; but I defie all your Hiſtories, and your Romances too, to ſhew me one ſuch Conqueror, as this *Drawcanſir.*

Johnſ. I ſwear, I think you may.

Smi.

Smi. But Mr. *Bayes*, how shall all these dead men go off? for I see none alive to help 'em.

Bayes. go off! why as they came on; upon their legs: how should they go off? why do you think the People here don't know they are not dead? He is mighty Ignorant, poor man; your Friend here is very Silly, Mr. *Johnson*, I Gad, he is, ha, ha, ha. Come, Sir, I'l shew you how they shall go off. Rise, rise, Sirs, and go about your Business. There's go off for you now. Ha, ha, ha. Mr. *Ivory*, a word. Gentlemen, I'l be with you presently. [*Exit.*

Johns. Will you so? then we'l be gone.

Smi. I, prythee let's go, that we may preserve our Hearing. One Battel more will take mine quite away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bayes *and Players.*

Bayes. Where are the Gentlemen?

1 *Play.* They are gone, Sir.

Bayes. Gone! 'Sdeath, this last Act is best of all. I'll go fetch 'em again.

1 *Play.* What shall we do now he is gone away?

2 *Play.* Why, so much the better; then let's go to dinner.

3 *Play.* Stay, here's a foul piece of paper of his. Let's see what 'tis.

3 or 4 *Play.* I, I; come let's hear it.

Reads. The Argument of the Fifth Act,

3 *Play. Cloris* at length, being sensible of Prince *Prettyman*'s Passion, consents to marry him; but, just as they are going to Church, Prince *Prettyman* meeting, by chance, with old *Joan* the Chandlers Widdow, and remembring it was she that first brought him acquainted with *Cloris*, out of a high point of Honour, breaks off his Match with *Cloris*, and marries old *Joan*. Upon which, *Cloris*, in despair, drowns her self: and Prince *Prettyman*, discontentedly, walkes by the River side. This will never do: 'tis just like the rest. Come, let's begone. [*Exeunt.*

Most of the Play. Ay, pox on't, let's go away.

Enter Bayes.

Bayes. A plague on 'em both for me, they have made me sweat, to run after 'em. A couple of Senceless Raskals, that had rather go to Dinner than see this Play out, with a Pox to 'em. What comfort has a man to write for such dull rogues? Come Mr.——a——Where are you, Sir? come away quick, quick.

Enter

Enter Stage-keeper.

Stage. Sir, they are gone to Dinner.

Bayes. Yes, I know the Gentlemen are gone; but I ask for the Players.

Stage. Why, an't pleaſe your worſhip, Sir, the Players are gone to Dinner too.

Bayes. How! are the Players gone to Dinner? 'Tis impoſſible: the Players gone to dinner! I Gad, if they are, I'l make 'em know what it is to injure a perſon that does 'em the honour to write for 'em, and all that. A company of Proud, Conceited, Humorous, Croſs-grain'd perſons, and all that. I Gad, I'l make 'em the moſt Contemptible, Deſpicable, Inconſiderable perſons, and all that, in the whole world for this trick. I Gad I'l be reveng'd on 'em; I'll ſell this Play to the other Houſe.

Stage. Nay, good Sir, don't take away the Book; you'l diſappoint the company that comes to ſee it acted here, this afternoon.

Bayes. That's all one. I muſt reſerve this comfort to my ſelf, my Play and I ſhall go together, we will not part indeed, Sir.

Stage. But what will the Town ſay, Sir?

Bayes. The Town! why, what care I for the Town? I Gad, the Town has us'd me as ſcurvily, as ths Players have done: but I'll be reveng'd on them too; for I'll Lampoon 'em all: And Since they will not admit of my Plays, they ſhall know what a Satyriſt I am. And ſo farewel to this Stage, I Gad, for ever. [*Exit Bayes.*

Enter Players.

1 *Play.* Come then, let's ſet up Bills for another Play.

2 *Play.* I, I; we ſhall loſe nothing by this I warrant you.

1 *Play.* I am of your opinion. But before we go, let's ſee *Haynes* and *Shirley* practiſe the laſt dance; for that may ſerve us another time.

2 *Play.* I'll call 'em in: I think they are but in the Tyring-room.

The dance done.

1 *Play.* Come, come; let's go away to Dinner.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

THe Play is at an end, but where's the Plot?
That Circumſtance our Poet Bayes *forgo*
And we can boaſt, tho' 'tis a Plotting Age,
No place is freer from it, than the Stage.
The Ancients Plotted, tho, and ſtrove to pleaſe
With Senſe that might be underſtood with eaſe;
They every Scene with ſo much Wit did ſtore,
That who brought any in, went out with more:
But this New Way of Wit does ſo ſurpriſe,
Men loſe their Wits in wondring where it lyes.
If it be true, that Monſtrous births preſage
The following miſchiefs that afflict the Age,
And ſad diſaſters to the State proclaim;
Plays without head or tail, may do the ſame.
Wherefore, for ours, and for the Kingdomes peace,
May this Prodigious way of writing ceaſe.
Let's have at leaſt, once in our lives, a time
When we may hear ſome Reaſon, not all Rhyme:
We have theſe Ten years felt its Influence;
Pray let this prove a year of Proſe, and Senſe.

FINIS.

151794